

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To the end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speaks this, in th' infirmity of sence.

Isa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst cause on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sence,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serue
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Haue sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and I like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duke. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant; for your selfe: take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are the wrong

To speake before your time: proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Cause Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Isab. In brieft, to set the needlesse processe by:

How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion

I now begin with griefe, and shame to vtter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust

Release my brother; and after much debateiment,

My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpose sursetting, he sends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speaks)

Duke. By heauen (fond wretch) knowst not what thou

In hatefull practise: first his Integrity

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,

And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:

Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice

Thou com'st heere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers aboute

Keepe me in patience, and with ripead time

Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp

In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,

As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:

To prison with her: Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,

On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;

Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

Duke. A ghostly Father, belike:

Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,

I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,

For certaine words he spake against your Grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer

I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryer,

A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:

I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard

Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,

Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her

As she from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleeue no lesse,

Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,

Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler

As he's reported by this Gentleman:

And on my trust, a man that neuer yet

Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;

But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of a strange Feauor: vpon his moere request

Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether

To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true, and false: And what he with his oath

And all probation will make vp full cleare

Whensoever he's conuicted: First for this woman,

To iustifie this worthy Noble man:

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,

Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,

Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duke. Good Frier, let's heare it:

Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?

Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched sooles,

Give vs some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,

In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge

Of your owne Cause: Is this the Wines Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face

Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-

dow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of

them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,

And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,

I haue known my husband, yet my husband

Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,

In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,

When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes

With all th' effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges shee moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,

Who thinks he knowes, that he nere knew my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knowes *Isabel*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.

This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*

Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which with a vowd contract

Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body

That tooke away the match from *Isabel*,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she sales.

Duke. Sirha, no mor

Luc. Enoug my Lor

Ang. My Lord, I m

And fwe yeres since th

Berwixt my selfe, and l

Partly for that her prou

Came short of Compo

For that her reputatio

In leuitie: Since whic

I neuer spake with her,

Vpon my faith, and ho

Mar. Noble Prince

As there comes light fr

As there is sence in t

I am affianced this man

As words could make v

But Tuesday night last

He knew me as a wife.

Let me in safety raise m

Or else for euer be confi

A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile

Now, good my Lord, g

My patience here is tou

These poore informall

But instruments of fom

That sets them on. Let

To finde this practise o

Duke. I, with my he

And punish them to you

Thou foolish Frier, and

Compact with her that

Though they would sw

Were testimonies again

That's seald in approba

Sit with my Cozen, len

To finde out this abuse,

There is another Frier th

Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he wer

Hath set the women on

Your Prouost knowes t

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it inf

And you, my noble and

Whom it concerns to h

Doe with your maieties a

In any chastisement; I f

Will leaue you; but fir

Well determin'd vpon th

Ese. My Lord, wecl

cio, did not you say you k

dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non faci*

but in his Clothes, and

nous speeches of the Du

Ese. We shall intreat

and inforce them against

notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienn*

Ese. Call that same *Is*

speake with her: pray yo

question, you shall see h

Luc. Not better then

Ese. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thin